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This is me



47 0 2

Chapter 1 by Mike Paris

Here, i lay on the floor of my room, surrounded by my mates. Mum says i should go play outside for a while to get my brain working. she doesn't understand how impolite it is to keep your guests waiting while taking in "clean" air. My room, well you can say was decorated in a disorderly fashion. as you walk through the door, on the left hand side you can witness Captain America disagreeing with Iron man, in a battle between two forces. on the right side is Batman interrogating the Joker, not knowing that it is all pointless. In the centre, was a portal to Asgard. i would run around the room visiting each event, reliving each one as if they were my own. I would throw Cap's shield, dodge Stark's blasts, anticipate Batman's strategies and make fun of the joker's crazy mind.

everything was great, and the best part was that dad arrived on time, at 8 o'clock as if he wasn't really at work. i Loved the man, he always claimed that i was "a burden to carry". still haven't understood what that means, i'm an 11 year old child after all. He didn't appreciate my friends' presence, and always chucked them out of the house the moment he came home.

the door opened and closed immediately, and footsteps approached my room. I escorted my

friends into my ward, due to deal with dad. i had just finished packing away my property when i was thrown onto my bed (for once i was not the one to be thrown out of the house).

everything was strange, maybe his aim is getting worse. never hit the mattress with such force before. i woke up, and there he was, the ugliest being known to man. he stood over me, his hand raised as if to strike me. i looked up at him, and he looked down at me. i saw a glint of something in his eyes, but i didn't know what it was. he reached out and touched my face, and i felt a shiver run down my spine. he then turned and walked away, leaving me alone in my room. i looked at my hand, and i saw a small, red mark on my cheek. i touched it, and it felt like a burn. i looked at my hand, and i saw a small, red mark on my cheek. i touched it, and it felt like a burn. i looked at my hand, and i saw a small, red mark on my cheek. i touched it, and it felt like a burn.

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fantasies. those words were his commandments to me, and once he left the room, i opened the doors to my wardrobe and escorted my friends back to the circle, re-positioned Civil war and batman, and resumed.

i looked in the mirror...damn my face was messed up. in the reflection of myself i spotted my mother behind me. she ran in to hug me, but i quickly dodged her attack and sent my shield flying towards her. She plunged towards me, knocking one of my friends over. i could never understand her actions in front of them. she grabbed my ankle and locked my head between my arms, taking off my shoes, and then my socks. everything went black.

this has been going on for years now, and each day i only remember up until everything goes black.

I'm 18 now, and without a doubt the smartest kid in my year. i know everything from the alphabet to putting words into sentences, or adding $1+1$ and ended up with a result of 4 melons. Mum says she's proud of me, and encourages me to keep reading "Dummies, for Dummies".

everything was running smoothly, until on the 1st of April, something changed. it had to be on the most joke encouraged day for my life to be slammed against the wall of enlightenment. We were in the playground playing on the monkey bars, when i met this girl. She was glowing. immediately, i concluded that she was just a figment of my imagination, as my parents had told me a couple of years back about every person i encountered. but this time was different. she approached me, and tugged on my leg so hard that i immediately fell to the ground. when i got up, i was in i white room, with just a table and a mirror. no mum, no dad.

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